

Misery Always Strikes At The Worst Times

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Misery Always Strikes At The Worst Times

by [CheekyPotato](#)

Summary

Some well deserved R&R is interrupted by a nasty cold.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Day 1

There was only one reason Tooru Oikawa was wearing his alien space socks.

"Hajime...."

And even fewer reasons said man would use his first name.

"What is it?" Iwazumi kept his eyes on his laptop.

"I-"several sneezes cut through the air punctuated by a thick sniffle and whine.

Iwazumi gave Oikawa his full attention then.

His boyfriend stood in those ridiculous socks,his old volleyball team sweat pants, and shirt scrubbing at his nose miserably.

"Tooru," Iwazumi softened.

And with that gentle call of his name, Oikawa cut the distance between them, joining him on the sofa and curled up in his lap with another pitiful sniffle.

"I think I'm sick. I feel terrible."

"Oh Tooru," he rubbed his love's shoulder comfortingly.

"My head hurts and I've been sneezing all day." he moaned.

Iwazumi would've noticed the sneezing if he hadn't been so engrossed with work. Would've noticed Oikawa was sick. He reached over with his free hand and saved his work before shutting down his computer. He slid it off the part of his lap Oikawa wasn't completely occupying onto the couch.

With some protest,he managed to get him to sit up a little so he could check his forehead for fever. Of course he was too warm. And of course he couldn't remember the last time they had a fresh stock of cold meds.

Oikawa sneezed again.

Did they even have any tissues?

Oikawa curled up against him again. This was just fantastic. He'd just finished a major project at work. The grueling hours of late nights and early mornings and next to nonexistent off days. But Oikawa being Oikawa, effortlessly came through and the project was completed without a hitch.

He now had a well deserved break coming that would be ruined because he was sick. And though he would never admit it,his body had changed over the years. No longer could he just push himself pass the limits and just bounce back. This wasn't volleyball anymore.

So when his body said slow down and he ignored it (or Iwazumi couldn't literally sit on him), the repercussions were great. Greater even. He'd be down for at least a week sometimes. Luckily these complete breakdowns occurred when Oikawa could afford it, not that he would ever see it that way. And despite the marvelous reputation he'd built at work that garnered him the understanding needed (and sometimes demanded by other peers) to take time off or take it easy, Oikawa much

like he was in high school, would rather push through than allow himself a moment to be human and take care of himself.

The growing fatigue that expanded into a headache and prickly throat meant nothing then but now on his first day off and with the hopes of relaxation and fun times with Iwazumi slipping through his fingers, it was all at the forefront. Center stage.

Oikawa moaned at this pathetic situation, burying himself deeper into Iwazumi's lap.

"It's okay Oikawa," his boyfriend used hushed tones, gently ruffling his brown hair. "I'll take care of you."

Day 2

Chapter Summary

You know the saying, "When it rains it pours."?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was difficult for Iwazumi to go to work the next day.

Oikawa wasn't doing any better and it broke his heart to see his boyfriend looking so miserable. Sore throat was now added to the list of symptoms Oikawa had. He returned to the playful nickname of 'Iwa-chan' but only because it was more easier to say than his full name. That or he was trying to disguise how bad he felt.

Idiot.

As if he could forget how sick his boyfriend looked yesterday or be foolish enough to believe that by some miracle he'd gotten much better despite the continual sneezing and the remaining flush of fever on his cheeks.

"I shouldn't be in the office long. So just stay in bed and rest. Everything you need is right here." Iwazumi gestured toward the hot mug of tea, the capsules of medicine and the bowl of oatmeal on the bedside table. Oikawa wasn't a big fan of oatmeal but Iwazumi knew it would be easier on his throat than toast. He already made a mental note to pick up some more stuff after work.

"Tha-" his gratitude was cut off by more sneezing that hurt his throat. He winced and whimpered when he felt Iwazumi ruffle his hair.

"I'll be back real soon." Iwazumi promised as he headed out the door. He really wished he didn't have to go to work.

Oikawa buried himself under the sheets and turned away from everything after hearing the door click close. This really sucked.

His plan had been to sleep this off at least until Iwazumi came home, but he only managed an hour of sleep at best. Every breath he breathed burned his throat and his nose kept shifting from runny to stuffed up which led to him sneezing and the cycle would continue again. He knew he should take some medicine but he didn't feel like eating. He just wanted to sleep until his Iwa-chan came home. And judging by the clock, wouldn't be for a good while.

He also felt too hot under the covers but quickly got too cold after kicking them off. This was too much. He eventually sat up enough in bed to drink some tea which was warm now but still comforting to his throat. He eyed the oatmeal wearily knowing that it was probably lukewarm glop now. But he couldn't take the medicine on an empty stomach. It would just make him sick. Or in this case sicker.

With great distaste, Oikawa managed a few spoonfuls of oatmeal, a little glad that Iwazumi made it the way he like, sweet and cinnamony, and chased down the cold meds with the rest of his tea. He laid back down in bed for another hour before needing to use the bathroom.

He refused to look at himself in the mirror.

Upon his return, he found his phone and was happy to get a text from his love. He returned his inquiry with a happy emoji which was quickly responded to with a frowning one.

Really Im doing better. Took my medicine like a good boy! ^3^

Oikawa could feel the skepticism through the phone so he sent a pic of the empty mug and blister pack. That seemed to satisfy Iwazumi and he once again promised to be home soon.

Soon turned out to be close to the normal time Iwazumi usually came home.

While waiting, Oikawa ran out of tissues, tried to clean his dishes but felt too dizzy from just crossing the distance from the bedroom to the kitchen, almost threw up after attempting to finish his oatmeal, tried to watch t.v but kept falling into restless sleep, and made a companion of the roll of a toilet paper because his nose wouldn't fucking quit.

When Iwazumi finally came home with a few bags of goodies, he found Oikawa curled up on the couch with a balled up tissue unfortunately stuck to his nose. He was shivering despite being warm to the touch.

"Oi, Oikawa," he called gently.

Oikawa stirred and curled up tighter.

"Hey, I'm home."

"I-Iwa-chad?" he squinted up at him, not yet noticing the stuck tissue.

Iwazumi didn't like the feverish daze in the other man's eyes. "Yeah, I'm home."

Oikawa cupped a hand to his face in what Iwazumi thought was in realization of the tissue, but his eyes slammed shut and he sneezed twice.

Poor thing seemed confused at the tissue and winced as he tried to pull it away. Iwazumi gently removed it not even batting an eye at the snot trail it left behind. The fact that Oikawa himself didn't notice meant the man must be really sick.

"You're hobe." he snuffled.

"Yeah, just got in. Sorry I couldn't get in sooner. But hey, I brought some stuff for you.

"Bilk bread?"

Iwazumi chuckled. "Yeah, I got you some milk bread along with some other things to get you feeling better. You want some milk bread now?" he dug through the bag.

Oikawa frowned suddenly and rubbed at his throat.

"M'nod hungry..."

"It's okay," Iwazumi tried to keep the worry out of his voice.

Tooru Oikawa denying milk bread?

"I also got you some soup and more medicines and some tissues."

His gaze went to the roll of toilet paper tucked between a couch cushion.

"I'll warm up the soup for later okay?" he ruffled his warm hair again trying not to frown when a few coughs came out.

Iwazumi had put everything away and had the soup warming on the stove when he returned back to his boyfriend still curled up on the couch. He offered him a fresh box of tissues which took Oikawa a minuet to even register.

"When was the last time you took anything?"

"This borning." he said around several sneezes. It was late in the evening.

Iwazumi went and checked on the soup and when he returned, Oikawa moved to rest his head in the other's lap and coughed.

"Bissed you." he whispered.

"Yeah, I missed you too."

Some time later, Iwazumi managed to get Oikawa to eat some soup and take some more medicine. He got him back in bed and seriously thought about removing those dumb socks of his but thought better of it.

Oikawa fought sleep off like a child until Iwazumi settled down beside him.

Iwazumi wasn't liking the sound of that cough.

Chapter End Notes

Poor poor bab.

As always, comments and kudos much appreciated!

Day 3

Chapter Summary

Still sick. Still miserable.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Iwazumi had been fast asleep with Oikawa snuffling his arms. Oikawa felt too warm, but whenever he tried to pull back a little to perhaps cool him down a little, he'd groan and wiggle closer to him.

It was fine. He knew his love didn't feel well so he could take a little heat.

Iwazumi's sleep kept being disturbed by this weird shaking and what sounded like a car's engine turning over. He must've been dreaming. The noise and shaking kept getting worse and it was really annoying.

What the hell was that? It felt so close and so loud. As if right on top of him, shaking him and making him feel too hot.

"Fuck." he growled and kicked at it.

It stopped. But now he heard a different noise. A whimper.

Iwazumi's eyes shot open, the whimpering even more real now that he was awake.

"Iwa-chan..." came the whining voice and his heart plummeted into his stomach. "...you k-kicked me..."

"Oh no, Tooru, I'm so sorry!" he whispered fervently. "I was asleep!"

"You said to stop."

Did he really say that? Now he really felt bad as he cradled him to his chest.

The weird shaky car noise started again and this time Iwazumi knew exactly what it was. Oikawa continued coughing while Iwazumi patted his back. He glanced at the digital clock and frowned at the time. He really wished he could've called off today.

A few hours later, Iwazumi once again had to leave Oikawa in bed but this time he had fresh supplies including a thermos of soup so that his sick boyfriend wouldn't have to worry about warming up soup for himself. The coughing wasn't sounding any better in the daylight so he made sure Oikawa took some medicine with a little soup before leaving (he refused oatmeal).

And once again Oikawa found himself alone.

This time he was determined to busy himself with something but his body was being less than cooperative. He barely managed to get to the living room with his thermos of soup and bottle of water without collapsing. He felt like screaming when he realized he forgot his box of tissues

which unfortunately he was in need of. Desperately. Seriously, he thought with the coughing his nose would've slacked up. Of course why would he be so lucky?

In the living room Oikawa found something remotely interesting to watch on t.v. But his head felt achy and stuffy so he didn't watch any of it.

He was jerked out of a restless sleep by the sound of keys and foot steps. He tried to look at the nearby clock but his vision swam.

"Im home!" Iwazumi's voice rang which only worsened Oikawa's headache.

Iwazumi managed to get off work early promising to email whatever he didn't finish while at home. Luckily it wasn't much he had left. He was just happy to be home with Oikawa. His happiness fell short however, transferring into worry when he got a good look at his boyfriend on the couch.

Oikawa looked unsteadily at him, a wobbly smile on his feverish face. "Iwa-cha-" his greeting was cut off by coughing.

Iwazumi hurriedly joined him on the couch where felt his forehead. "Tooru..."

Oikawa meant to ask him if he got off early but he melted at the gentle touch of his boyfriends' hands on his face.

"That fever isn't going down. It's not time for your next dose yet. Have you been coughing all day?"

"Just started." he mumbled not wanting Iwazumi to move his hands. He frowned when he did.

"Tooru, I think you should go to the doctor's."

Oikawa waved it off weakly. "It's just a-" he sneezed. "A bad cold Iwa-chan."

"Your fever hasn't broken and that cough doesn't sound too good." It sounded like his boyfriend was trying to cough up a lung.

"But I'm not coughing now." and no sooner did he say that that his sore throat prickled and he began to cough. Fantastic.

"I think you should still go." he stated after getting him a glass of water.

"It will be a waste of time. They'll just prescribe over the counter stuff."

"Still..."

"No doctor's Iwa-chan."

"Oikawa."

"No." and he ended the argument.

Iwazumi knew that as much as he loved him, Oikawa could be a grade A stubborn idiot when he wanted to be (which happened to be a lot). But he knew when to push and when not to. He still wouldn't let it go though his love was done talking about it. If that fever didn't break or worse by next morning he would drag his ass to the hospital.

Oikawa slumped against him, a shiver shaking his whole being. Why did this have to happen to him? He had plans to make breakfast for Iwazumi, watch some movies with him and send him to work with home made lunches and just spend the days WITH Iwazumi that the other man would have to lock himself up in the bedroom in order to get work down because Oikawa wouldn't stop whispering in his ear or nuzzling his neck or squirming(i.e grinding) on him teasingly.

But nope. Not happening now. He couldn't even muster up the energy to send a sexy text.

The truth was, this cold was wiping him out. And it had been a while since he felt this bad with one. Sure it was a few sniffles here, a cough there but rarely ever the-can't-even-get-out-of-bed-and-if-I-do-Im-so-dizzy-I-might-vomit-and-cry-cold.

He should've known from the very beginning, especially when his head hurt so bad he couldn't think straight and his feet felt too cold but he felt hot and and tight and just miserable all over. When he crawled into Iwazumi's lap the first night and he hadn't even mentioned the socks.

Because Iwazumi knew.

And now with Iwazumi wrapping him up in a blanket and coaxing him to eat more soup, Oikawa only hoped that within the next day he'd be on the mend and not have to possibly spend his whole vacation sick.

He could only hope.

Chapter End Notes

Still getting used to the formatting.

Hope it doesn't look too spaced out!

Poor Oikawa, why do I enjoy making you suffer so?

Thanks guys for giving this a read and leaving kudos and comments!

Day 4

Chapter Summary

Guess whose going to the doctors?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Oikawa, hey, come on you have to wake up."

But Oikawa didn't want to wake up. His head hurt too much and he was just starting to fall asleep. But Iwazumi kept shaking him and patting his cheeks.

Odd.

Everything felt so cold. Was he shivering too?

Slowly Oikawa cracked open an eye in the dark room and tried to say his boyfriends name but a cough came out instead.

His throat was killing him.

And he felt so cold.

"Hey, Tooru, are you with me?"

Of course he was. He loved Iwazumi with his entire being and then some. He would be with him forever.

"Tooru, we have to go. I need you to sit up a bit..."

Go where? He felt like hell where could they possibly be going?

"Where...? Iwa-chan?"

"Im right here." Iwazumi soothed. "We're going to the doctors. Your fever is too high."

"N-noo...."

"Tooru, hey, stay awake. We have to go. Come on sit up..."

"No doctors m'fine...jus col-"

"Tooru. Please. Your running a really high fever. Your fever hasn't broken at all. Please don't be difficult. Please Tooru. I-Im getting scared..." he whispered the last part.

Oikawa didn't like the way Iwazumi was sounding.

He wished he wasn't so cold.

"Here, let me get your coat. It's the fever."

Oikawa really didn't want to go anywhere but he couldn't ignore the desperation in his loves voice.

He couldn't understand why Iwazumi kept asking him questions. Especially when he kept saying to stay with him. Where else would he go? Iwazumi always had his heart.

Iwazumi was doing his best to keep calm.

When he woke to a blazing Oikawa fussing in his arms he knew something was seriously wrong. He managed to take his temperature and was afraid when he saw the reading. It was time to act. Fast.

Unfortunately, he couldn't reach Oikawa's regular doctor so they would have to go to the nearby clinic. Thankfully it wasn't far.

Of course he expected the man to be stubborn and he wasn't wrong, but apparently his quiet plea seemed to work in his favor. Oikawa wasn't fighting nearly as much but then again he was really sick.

They caught a cab as Oikawa could barely keep upright and raced to the nearby clinic.

Luckily there weren't a lot of people. Iwazumi could barely keep himself together.

Oikawa, no matter what he was feeling, when in front of others would plaster on that fake smile. It was just a habit. There had been times when he was sick and he'd have that stupid smile on his face and tell others not to worry. Sometimes, he did that at Iwazumi but all he had to do was shoot him a look and the facade would slip. When they were alone, he'd reveal his true aches and pains and Iwazumi was grateful that when it came to him, Oikawa would always be honest with what he felt. Usually.

But now in the quiet and bright waiting room, Oikawa was slumped against Iwazumi's shoulder breathing heavily through his face mask. He didn't care who was watching. He openly moaned into his boyfriend's shoulder and coughed harshly. A few people were giving him pitying looks and he thought he heard a nearby nurse commend Iwazumi for being such a good "friend" for bringing him in.

Iwazumi kept an arm around him and gently ruffled his hair.

"You're gonna be okay Tooru." he murmured.

"...Iwa-chan..." Oikawa really felt like crying.

Iwazumi needed to keep it together.

When the doctor was finally ready to see them, he'd had to wake the poor sleeping man who whined and shivered despite the heavy coat.

The doctor was quick and efficient only poking and prodding when absolutely necessary. Still, Iwazumi hated to see his love in such a terrible state.

Despite Iwazumi's worst fears, it turned out that Oikawa was right.

The doctor did prescribe a fever reducer but everything else was over the counter stuff they already had at home.

"Told you." he heard Oikawa rasp when they went to pick up the medicine. Thank God this clinic had a pharmacy within it.

Iwazumi was just glad it wasn't anything serious.

When they got back home, Oikawa went right to bed after taking the medicine. Iwazumi was glad that the doctor gave him ones he could take on an empty stomach.

He didn't have to be at work until later in the day as they were only having a meeting so Iwazumi stayed by his love's side until he sadly had to go.

The doctor said his fever would break within the next day so he wasn't expecting much. He was relieved to find that Oikawa was fast asleep when he came home and had been asleep since he left. He'd known that Oikawa wasn't getting enough sleep these past few days and though he still looked terrible, he did look more peaceful curled up in their bed.

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry guys, he won't be sick forever! Kudos and comments always appreciated!

Thanks!

Day 5

Chapter Summary

Oikawa's still sick. And feeling lonely.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Oikawa awoke to an empty bed.

He frowned, a cough creeping up his throat and shaking his frame.

He was so tired of coughing. But more importantly where was Iwazumi?

Glancing out the bedroom window, he saw the the sunlight streaming in, watched the dust motes swirl around in the beams.

Slowly, he got out of bed, noting that he felt like, a half degree better than he'd felt yesterday. He walked into the living room and felt his heart sink at the pronounced absence of his love. He'd hoped that maybe, he was in the living room working or perhaps in the small kitchen but both places were empty.

A coughing fit seized him and when he recovered, he wiped the tears from his eyes that weren't entirely from the fit.

Oikawa found he had enough energy to at least get a glass of water. It was cool and soothing to his sore throat. But the coldness agitated his nose. No sooner did his lips leave the glass, that he nearly spilled it on the floor with several exhausting sneezes.

He was tired of sneezing too. He was tired of this stupid cold.

Oikawa slumped to the bedroom and flopped on the bed, his headache making it known that that was a stupid idea. Incredibly stupid.

Speaking of stupid...

He found his phone, ignoring that it had been charged for him as well as the few messages from friends who'd heard he wasn't well. When he found Iwazumi's name he sent him a text and huffed which of course, lead to more coughing.

Oikawa: So lonely. How can you just abandoned me in my time of need? Not even a good-bye kiss? :((((

He felt his cell buzzing in his hand when he recovered.

He should've ignored it. His dramatics were completely ignored.

Iwa-chan: Did you see my note?

Oikawa: Note? What note?

Iwa-chan: It's on the bed. Make sure you take your temp and meds. I'll be home soon.

Oikawa searched the bed and thinking up something mean to text back when he saw it. The folded piece of paper sitting where Iwazumi normally slept, with his first name written on it.

He opened it slowly, reading the note carefully. It wasn't a letter, it was brief and to the point but with a touch of affection that only he knew Iwazumi was capable of.

Oikawa: Sorry...:(

Iwa-chan: Baka-kawa.

When Oikawa didn't text off his usual retorts his phone ringed instead of buzzed.

"Tooru?"

"He was actually glad for that ill timed sneeze though it hurt both his head and throat.

"M' sorry, I thought you would've seen the note once you woke up. I didn't-"

Another sneeze.

"-want to wake you up."

Oikawa didn't say anything.

"Hey, are you ignoring me now?"

"Sn-snee.."

"Snee?"

"Gunna sneeze again..." he managed before doing so. This was such a miserable fucking cold.

"Im so sorry you have to be alone with this." Iwazumi whispered and Oikawa's heart dropped.

"Doh, ids okay. I didn'd see the node. Bud I-" he paused to cough. "-saw it now. I'll take sub bedince soon. Add I ab feelig a liddle-*snf!*-bedder."

Iwazumi chuckled a little, wishing so badly that he was ruffling that chestnut brown hair, planting kisses on his feverish temples, and snuggling with him under a blanket.

"Tooru, I'll be home in a few hours okay?"

"Okay." he sniffled thickly. Where did he put those tissues?

"You want me to bring you anything? More soup?"

"No...just...bring you." he was glad he started coughing so he wouldn't have to immediately hear Iwazumi's response.

"Love you." was all he said.

"Love you too." he snuffled and the call ended.

Oikawa laid back down in bed, deciding to take a picture of his alien clad feet and post it on his social media with a vague message that had nothing to do with his current state.

After that, he left his bed and warmed some soup, chasing it down with some medicine. The one that he took yesterday had helped him sleep but the doctor only prescribed him two pills. He was advised to wait a couple days before taking the next dose.

He hadn't taken a bath since he got sick and was sorely in need of one. But he was afraid he might fall or something. He still felt too dizzy if he was upright for too long.

As promised, Iwazumi was home within a few hours and after checking his temperature and being

pleased that it went down at least two degrees, he spent the rest of the day cuddled up with his sniffly love, found an old space movie to watch, and Oikawa coughed through most of it and fell asleep to the rest and that was ok. Iwazumi was just glad to see Oikawa (albeit slowly) getting better. Hopefully by tomorrow, his fever would finally break and he'd get to share some good news as well.

For now, he'd hold the snuffly bundle in his arms as he'd done every night and enjoy the moment.

Chapter End Notes

Posted this a day early because of the upcoming chaos of Thanksgiving!

And what did Iwa-chan's note say? Proboaly something like, Went to work. Take meds. Don't do nothing dumb. Love you Baka-kawa. Or something romantic like that. Who knows?

Thanks for all the kudos and comments. They are very much appreciated!

Day 6

Chapter Summary

Some good news afoot!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Oikawa was pouting.

He really shouldn't be pouting. Iwazumi couldn't understand it. Oikawa's fever had finally broken and that dazed look in his eyes was gone. Sure he was still coughing and his nose was runny and the congestion was making his head ache and chest rattle, but at least his love was coherent.

And he didn't have to be at work long today!

But Oikawa was still pouting. He sat on the couch, the blanket drooping off one shoulder with his arms crossed. His nose running a bit.

"Come on Oikawa," he poked at his cheek.

"It's just not fair!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I was hoping that I would be better by now..."

"Hey, at least your fever broke." Iwazumi offered gently.

"But my head still feels like it will explode and Im still coughing." he leaned heavily against Iwazumi. "This isn't how I wanted to spend my time off."

Iwazumi ruffled his hair and winced a bit when Oikawa muffled a cough into his shoulder.

He had to admit that it's been a while since Oikawa had a cold this bad. And though he was glad that he didn't have to worry about work with this bad cold, it did suck that his boyfriend had to spend his time off being sick. He deserved a healthy restful break after working so hard on that project.

Iwazumi pressed a kiss into his scalp. It looked like it was time to bring out that good news he'd been holding on to.

"Hey, I got something to tell you." he murmured in his hair.

"But first, tissue?"

He handed him the box of tissues that was tucked on his side of the couch and kissed his temple after he sneezed.

"Thag you." he sniffled. "Now wad did you-"he blew his nose. "have to tell me?"

"Well, I was going to wait till a little later but I figured, why not now?"

"You found a cure for the common cold?"

Iwazumi chuckled. "Nope, sorry. But hopefully this news is just as good."

Oikawa looked up at him expectantly.

"I got some time off from work. It's not until a few days, but by then you should be over your cold and we can do something fun for a change."

"You got some time off?"

"Yeah, it's not till the tale end of yours but-"

"Why didn't you tell me this sooner?" Oikawa frowned.

"Because I know you. I know that if I told you about it in the beginning you would have tried to rush your recovery or try to hide it all together."

Oikawa couldn't even retort. Iwazumi knew him too well.

"Yeah, your right." he conceded.

"In another three days we can do something fun. Just don't try to rush things though. I don't mind just watching outer space movies with you here on the couch."

Oikawa thought the gesture was nice but he really hoped he wouldn't still be sick by then.

Come to think of it, it explained why Iwazumi didn't have any days off and why he was off to work more frequently. A large portion of his job could be done remotely, so going into work everyday wasn't nearly as necessary as it was for Oikawa. But with a vacation coming up it made a lot more sense.

But now Oikawa felt even worse. Stupid fucking miserable cold.

"Oikawa?" he was too quiet.

"Yeah?" he wiped at his nose with the tissue.

"Don't even think about trying to rush your recovery like an idiot."

Oikawa looked into his loves stern gaze. He was really serious. It reminded him of all the times he got that specific look when he tried to play off an injury or exhaustion during their volleyball days.

He coughed and tried to smile brightly despite the constant ache in his head. "Don't worry Iwa-chan! I'll be good!" and he crumpled into another coughing fit, wincing at the end.

Iwazumi rubbed his back soothingly before rising from the couch. "Let me get you some tea." he ruffled his love's hair when he received another pout. On his way to the kitchen, he paused.

"Iwa-chan?" he stared at his broad back.

"How 'bout a bath tonight? It should help with the cough." he added the last part quickly when he looked over his shoulder and saw the look Oikawa was giving him.

Not having taken a bath in nearly a week, Oikawa was more than happy to wash off this sickly feeling. The thought of anything else, could certainly wait.

They had plenty of times for those kind of baths when he was better.

Chapter End Notes

I mean he's sick and helpless! What kind of bath should he really been expecting?

Hee hee!

As always, thanks for giving this a read, kudos, and comment!

To those who celebrate Turkey Day in the states, Happy Thanksgiving! ^-^

Day 7

Chapter Summary

Things are looking up for Oikawa!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Oikawa was looking better today.

He ate a lot and was even able to make his own food!

"Iwa-chan, I made dinner! Well, it's just leftover soup." he grinned sheepishly when Iwazumi came home. He grinned back as the twinkle slowly came back into his love's eyes.

There was still just one problem.

The coughing.

All the symptoms faded away except for the chesty coughs and the sinus pressure, judging by the way Oikawa would massage his temples and pinch the bridge of his nose.

Iwazumi had massaged Oikawa's temples for him, patted his back when he coughed too hard, eyes streaming, or fetched him a tissue when he managed to cough the gunk up.

It was worse at night.

Just when sleep was ready to claim them both, Oikawa would start coughing. He tried sitting up, but that just shifted the congestion around in his head, he whined about the pain.

At one point it was just too much.

Iwazumi was nearly asleep when he felt something tug at him. His eyes popped open at the sound of his name.

"Iwa-chad..."

"What is it, what's wrong?"

"Everythig," he whined.

Iwazumi reached over and turn on the lamp so he could get a good look at him. Oikawa was frowning, shutting his eyes tight at the light and tried to bury his face into Iwazumi's shoulder. But he shuddered, turned away and let out a congested sounding sneeze.

"Hey," Iwazumi ruffled his hair.

"I dink I deed thad Vapo-Rub stuff. I'b so congested I cad eben-"several coughs cut him off."-sleep."

"Oh Tooru, I'm sorry."

He coughed crackly and wet in response.

What Oikawa really needed was a humidifier, but of course that was the one thing Iwazumi didn't get. They did have Vapo-Rub. At least he thought so.

Slowly, he untangled himself from his congested love and retrieved the Vapo-Rub from the bathroom.

He handed him some tissues just in case while he removed Oikawa's shirt.

Gently, he administered the salve to Oikawa's throat, chest and back. He even put some on his temples and under his nose. Oikawa keened with delight throughout the whole process.

"That feel a little better?"

"Mmm." Oikawa hummed and took a deep breath which triggered a cough. He coughed into the tissues and wrinkled his nose after wiping his mouth.

"It's okay, Tooru." Iwazumi hummed, crawling back into bed and turning off the lamp.

"Still gross."

"You're still sick."

Oikawa ignored that and made himself comfortable in Iwazumi's arms though after a few minutes he made him sit up with pillows.

"It'll help with the congestion."

Oikawa still whined.

So Iwazumi propped himself up too so he wouldn't feel lonely. By the first rays of morning sunlight, he found Oikawa curled up in his lap anyway but breathing much easier.

The crick in his neck was worth it.

Chapter End Notes

A sexy lil Vapo-Rub down!

Not really. But hey, everything is working out!
We're nearing the end here folk.

As always thanks for the kudos and comments guys!

Day 8

Chapter Summary

Our lil Oiks is all better!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The VapoRub made it so both men could sleep well. Iwazumi had to attend a morning meeting and finish off a few things at the office, but Oikawa didn't mind. He was happy because not only was he feeling much better, Iwazumi's vacation would start soon and he couldn't wait to spend time with him in more romantic ways than asking for a tissue or have salve rubbed on him.

Not that his love's fingers massaging his body wasn't enjoyable. He just wished it hadn't involved phlegm. If he closed his eyes, he could still feel the way Iwazumi's fingers ran across his skin, kneading into his shoulders, massaging at his temples...

He would definitely have to repay Iwazumi.

Oikawa had a bit of residual coughs but he wasn't bothered by them. He made himself breakfast and sent flirty texts to Iwazumi who barely replied but that was okay too. Everything was fine because Oikawa wasn't going to spend the remaining of his vacation miserably sick. Instead, he'd be cozied up with his love. Maybe in a cafe or staying at a hotel in the country side or watching the stars in the night sky...

Or maybe all three. They definitely deserved it.

When Iwazumi came home, he brought lunch and was happy to see Oikawa back to his normal self. Only one more day and he'd be able to enjoy some much needed R&R with Oikawa.

The two of them enjoyed lunch and Oikawa bubbled about all the fun things they could do together and Iwazumi just nodded happy, to see the glow in his love's face.

Chapter End Notes

Ah, so short I know!

The last two chapters will probably be short too!
Hm, is Oikawa still wearing those alien socks?

Who knows. Most likely.

As always, thanks for the comments kudos!
Much appreciated!

Day 9

Chapter Summary

This past week was difficult for both of them, he couldn't blame Oikawa for being so excited. He was excited too.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Iwazumi wouldn't technically consider this his vacation since he was technically still working. But Oikawa begged to differ.

"Iwa-chan's home all day which means Iwa-chan's not at work! Let's get an early start then!" he beamed. He was sitting next to him on the couch, arms wrapped around his shoulders. And no longer wearing those dumb socks.

"Oikawa, I've got to finish this today so that I can properly kick start my vacation." he sighed and rubbed at his temples. He had a headache all day from trying to finish up this last report and Oikawa's mounting excitement nearly bowling him over.

But an annoying Oikawa was better than a sick Oikawa any day. The man in question pressed a kiss to his temple, earning a small smile in return.

This past week was difficult for both of them, he couldn't blame Oikawa for being so excited. He was excited too.

After he finished, the two of them went out for a walk to a nearby park. Oikawa seemed to sparkle in the sunlight. He'd been cooped up inside for a week aside from the doctor's visit, and just being able to take in the fresh air had the man glowing and bouncing. Iwazumi couldn't help but smile.

"Hey, how about we try that new cafe tomorrow?" Oikawa beamed, fingers intertwined with his boyfriends.

Iwazumi rubbed the back of his neck with his free hand, he thought his headache would be gone by now. And he was feeling a bit tired.

"Yeah, sure." he grinned and stifled a laugh when Oikawa nuzzled him.

The excitement was contagious.

Chapter End Notes

These last two chapters are super short.

Thanks for the kudos and comments!

Day 10

Chapter Summary

Iwazumi could cry.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Oh Hajime," Oikawa soothed, running his fingers through his dark hair.

Iwazumi could cry.

The nagging headache and tiredness had increased ten fold the next day and when Oikawa insisted on taking his temperature and heard the tiny gasp, he just knew.

Fucking fantastic.

Of course this would happen. He did just finish taking care of Oikawa, but still, the timing...

"I'm so sorry Hajime," Oikawa began looking close to tears. He couldn't help but blame himself for this new turn of events.

"No don't be, it happens." he reached up, taking Oikawa's hand and cradled it to his heated cheek. Oikawa bit his bottom lip. Had his own fever been that bad?

"Well don't worry," he brandished a warm smile. "I'll take real good care of you Iwa-chan! Just like you did for me." he leaned forward to kiss him but Iwazumi turned away suddenly.

"Iwa-chan?"

He ducked his head under the covers and sneezed. "Sorry." he mumbled. He really felt like crying.

Oikawa laughed and kissed him anyway.

With only a few days left of Oikawa's vacation and Iwazumi's just beginning this just seemed like the absolute worse. But even if he had to be sick, Iwazumi thought, at least he was still spending time with his love.

And that was good enough.

Chapter End Notes

Of course. Who did NOT see that coming?

Poor Iwa-chan. He'll be alright tho.

Thanks to all who stuck around with me and this fic. It was fun to write. I have plans

to write more sickfics in the future so stay tuned!

Thanks again for all the comments and kudos!

End Notes

My first contribution AO3 and the Haikyuu!! fandom!

I am WEAK for sickfics. I am also a fan of IwaOi among other things.

So here is a fic I've been working on. Each chapter will document each day of the poor babs suffering.

I'll be posting two chapters once a week.

Thanks for giving this a read!

Kudos and Comments much appreciated!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!